

The moon is full and round and clear in the sky to-night ; it is the Passover moon. Its rays steal through the branches and the leaves of the olive trees and oh ? the horror of the sight ! He is covered with blood. It is on His face, on His robe, on His hands ; it has flowed down on the ground and red ruby drops glint in the silver light.

" Enough of blood-letting, dear Jesus. Let the world stand redeemed and man's sins pardoned. What need to shed it on the morrow ? Why dye the leathern lashes red ? No need to mingle the red drops with the dust of Jerusalem's streets. Your ears must not be offended by that awful cry which will strike the hills of Olivet and be re-echoed back through the temple porches and marble colonnades : " His Blood, be upon us and upon our children." With blood-stained hands uplifted, He whispers : " O Father, let My Heart be drained to the last drop to win the souls of men and show them My Love."

" I gave it all," He whispers from His Tabernacle Home. Do we give Him all ? Let us not be ungenerous in our service and stingy in our gifts to Him who gave us so lavishly His Blood His Life. At the dawn of tomorrow He will pour it again into the holy cup with loving eagerness. Oh ! the joy to Him, if we would come and drink. If we drink that Blood we shall never die, though He died in the shedding.

J. H. O'ROURKE, S. J.

JULY THOUGHTS.



Most Precious Blood of life eternal, price and ransom of the world, whose saving streams nourish and cleanse our souls, ever pleading our cause before the Throne of heavenly mercy !

O, boundless Love, which gave to us this saving balm beyond all price, welling from the fount of immeasurable love ! Give to all hearts, to all tongues, power to praise, hymns to thank Thee, now and forever !